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ACID KILLINGS: *a report from san francisco & some local reflections*

John Kent (Shob) Carter, long-haired, 25, an unemployed flute player and well-known and liked retail dope dealer, was picturesquely murdered in his semipsychedelic pad at 1372 Fifth Ave (in Parnassus Heights, a little-known hippy enclave a short walk from the Haight) on Tuesday afternoon, August 1, by Eric Frank Dahlstrom, 23, a long-haired Marin County daredevil bike freak with symptoms of what an untrained man might call a psychopathic personality.

Dahlstrom had known Shob about 3 years and been an acid client too. That Tuesday he was undergoing an Olympics-calibre bummer caused, he believed, by inferior-quality acid with which he'd been cheated by Shob. (all this data, objective and subjective, is derived from Dahlstrom's confession.) Offended, he went over to Shob's to discuss the matter.

(Friends describe Shob as a generally soft and gentle soul, but with an exaggerated sense of territoriality -- the old home/castle equation -- and given to strong and hard attitudes toward anyone getting out of line in Shob's castle. Be advised.)

During the discussion, therefore, Shob allegedly shoved Dahlstrom. "I got shoved," he explained. "Don't nobody shove Me."

Dahlstrom grabbed up a 12-inch kitchen knife and stabbed Shob rapidly 12 times, most of them fatally. Then, for reasons the overground press dared not print (referring to them only as 'perversely sexual,' which leaves lots of room for the imagination to romp in), he undertook to dismember the body, but gave it up after neatly amputating the right arm above the elbow.

He wrapped the arm in blue suede (!) and split with it, taking also a .38 pistol, \$3,000 Shob'd assembled to give to an acid wholesaler called Superspade who was arranging a monster buy, and Shob's ample stash.

Shob's body was discovered by a neighbor two days later, on the 3rd, saving the local overground press from a week in the doldrums.

That night, Superspade was driven by a friend to The Ark, an old abandoned side-wheeler ferryboat lately turned into a r & r ballroom, at Waldo Point in Sausalito, Marin County. Superspade was William Edward Thomas, 26, widely known and universally respected Big Wholesaler (mostly acid and speed). He had \$50,000 cash in his pocket, to be traded for 50 grams of pure LSD.

He met his two white hippy connections in the parking lot, sent his friend and driver (who didn't recognize them) home, and was not seen again alive. (The driver is now a closely-guarded key witness.)

Two days later, 8/5, Dahlstrom -- still driving Shob's VW -- was arrested by a sharp-eyed cop in Sebastopol (where there are several hip and digger communal farms, best known being Lou Gottlieb's Morningstar Ranch), with \$2,600 of Shob's bread in his wallet and Shob's blue suede-wrapped arm in the back seat. He was returned post haste to San Francisco, confessing volubly to everyone who'd listen. (He gave the Examiner an exclusive confessional interview whence comes all our public Shob data -- but not all our data is public till now.)

Next day, the 6th, Superspade's body, trussed in a sleeping bag, was discovered snagged 38 feet down a 300 foot cliff at Point Reyes National Seashore on the rugged Pacific Ocean side of Marin County. He'd been stabbed once neatly in the heart, precisely shot once through the back of the head, and ineptly disposed of. There was \$15 and loads of I.D. in his wallet.

A number of theories have been advanced about these killings, all fraught with ominous significance for the Haight. The simplest, most likely and least popular one is that these are perfectly ordinary drug killings, highly magnified presswise by the hippy population explosion but not otherwise unusual; that the killings have little or nothing to do with each other except in synchronicity; that the Dahlstrom/Shob event happened for the reasons and in the manner Dahlstrom claims it did, a madman's killing, nothing more; and that Superspade was killed, doubtless by the two hippies he met at the Ark, without benefit of organization, simply for that 50 grand. Greater murder hath been done for less.

been reported on from time to time with little excitement buried on the inside pages. It's quite possible that Superspade's thing will go unsolved. (However, some of his colleagues feel, reasonably enough, that they're closer than the Authorities to a solution and are laying plans accordingly.

Although they haven't proposed a theory of their own yet, the police repeatedly announce that they 'won't rule out' any of the other theories. This is proper: painstaking and routine police technique. It's good to see them doing something right for a change.

The overground press sees fit to report:

Attorney Patrick Hallinan (famed defender of hip causes and Superspade's lawyer a while back) believes: (a) that the killings are related, halves of a big robbery plot; (b) that Dahlstrom and an unknown person, X, thus conspired: Dahlstrom to abridge the retailer, X to curtail the wholesaler, both to split the take; and (c) that Superspade's connections, therefore, will also be found dead. The cops refuse to rule this out.

But Hallinan's construction has its weaknesses. Why kill Shob on Tuesday for 3 grand you could lift from Superspade on Thursday? Surely no conscious plan would include a wholly redundant mutilation-murder with erotic overtones.

An Hallinan's theory involves manpower problems. Superspade was a powerful, experienced and skilled infighter. The two connections were enough to administer by surprise the two neatly fatal wounds, but to kill Superspade and the connections -- 3 men -- seems a bit too much for Dahlstrom and X to do a deux, whereas if they had help, that suggests more witnesses to be disposed of, initiating a process that could easily depopulate the city inside of a month. And Dahlstrom's wierd behavior (keeping the car and the arm, confessing so freely) makes him a most unlikely person for a rational robber to conspire with. And why didn't they get rid of Shob's corpse? The Hallinan Theory is based mainly on the fact that Superspade and Shob were friends and did business together, hardly surprising in an community as small and tight as that echelon of dealer-dom. Most of my hip informants (and I) knew them both. Doesn't signify.

The cops are looking for a hypothetical bearded East Coast hip spade called New York Joe (!), reputed to have engineered the deal whereby Shob and Superspade had so much cash on hand when killed, but members of scene don't think much of this, partially because Shob's death is still redundant, partially because N. Y. Joe is both unnecessary and unknown, and mostly because they know more about that deal than The Man does.

The Chronicle tried for a while to push a Mafia angle -- the underworld moving in on the underground -- and ran a touching and accurate tale about terrified hippies arming themselves. UPI went along on this and phoned me for confirmation. (Who gave the United Press a copy of our 8/4/67 newsletter? This is supposed to be a UPS service, for tao's sake. Let the overground invent its own informed sources.)

The Mafia angle reeks of hogwash. Organized crime is moving in on us, of course -- has been for over a year now -- just as com/co reported and everyone ignored last March when the "Love Circus" adventure showed us right where everything was at. (Details on request.) But the 'Syndicate' so far has been removing hippy competitors gently, by setting them up for the narks (Establishment crime and Establishment law working hand in crotch as usual). 'Syndicate' killings, furthermore, tend to be smoother, more adroit, professional, than these. The 'Syndicate' is not a sentimental organization: it doesn't dismember corpses, it doesn't blunder disposals.

(However, the police announced yesterday that they are looking for Charlie Garcia, 31, sometime rockdance promoter and friend of Super's, not as a suspect but for questioning as a material witness. This is interesting. In the Love Circus affair, Garcia was the link between the hippies who produced the dance and the probably 'Syndicate' backers -- North Beach topless nightclub chain operators in black turtlenecks and/or glossy suits -- who ran it, who threatened to brutalize the now gone digger pads if digger pickets reduced profits, and broke into the digger pads to make the threat. Interesting, no?)

Then, 8/11, LA staged an attractive sex-killing -- two little girls -- and our killings moved overnight from the front page to the back, and have since

(cont. p4)



Yakima: Evidence & Appeal

j. dougherty

On Friday, Aug. 18, the Seattle P.I. ran an article on the financial page beneath the day's stock market quotations entitled "famine stalks migrants in Yakima Valley." The item outlined the crisis in Yakima Valley resulting from the unexpectedly heavy influx of migrant labor. The usual summer stream of 6,500 workers had been swollen, by crop failure in Cal. and Oregon and mining layoffs in Montana, to approximately 8,000. Up until this past week they were without work. This week they are picking pears but by Monday Sept. 4th they will be without work again for 3 weeks. The workers generally pick up a stake in California and Oregon and then move on to the Yakima Valley. The California and Oregon crop failures, plus enticements by newspaper ads and handbills announcing the availability of work brought migrants in great humbers to the Valley as early as month before crops were ripe. Automobiles from twenty-six states were seen over a three-day period.

The county run migrant camps required a seven dollar move-in fee. Arriving with little or no money the migrants were stranded with no income, no housing, no food and without money to buy the gasoline to take them out of the sweltering 90° heat of the Yakima summer.

The migrants, who take pride in self-sustainment, were forced by serious needs to appeal to the Yakima Valley Council for Community Action for assistance. Despite budget cutbacks in OEO programs caused by the War in Vietnam, this local agency attempted to mobilize available resources to aid the distressed migrant families. More than fifteen tons of food and seven tons of clothing were collected by church groups throughout the state, yet hungry persons were still being turned away due to food shortage, as over 2,000 workers requested assistance.

By Wednesday, August 30, enough clothing had been collected to fill immediate needs, but contributions of food and money were still very much needed. Church volunteers from the Yakima Valley were active in aiding the migrants. But the general local attitude was one of annoyance at outside "interference" in local affairs and apathy. In a community with the local U.G.N. in dire straits and the Salvation Army \$3,000 in debt, these attitudes cannot be considered surprising.

Government assistance through the food stamp program, (adopted after local merchant pressure forced abandonment of free surplus food distribution) was rumored available but lack of money and a means to physically go and purchase it made this source of assistance unavailable to many. Frequently, the worker must perjure himself - regarding his projected income - in order to get stamps at a price he can afford. Governor Dan Evans promised assistance, although he doubted if the problem could be solved overnight. Secretary of State A. L. (Lud) Kramer described the migrant camps as "miserable places" and promised something would be done.

Local growers, however, unhampered by red tape have been able to take immediate action. A bin of pears (3/4th of a ton) usually brings the migrant \$6.00 to \$6.50 for his labors; this summer the rate is as low as \$3.50, with laborers being turned away by signs stating, "No pickers needed."

There are over 100 separate migrant camps maintained by growers and motel owners throughout the Yakima Valley. Four or five camps are also maintained by the City and County of Yakima.

The Ahtanum Farm Labor Camp is about ten minutes from downtown Yakima. As you drive up; the dirt road to the camp, the neat white buildings lining the highway give way to the tiny grey shacks housing the migrant laborers.

Dal Houston, a migrant, is pattering with his 1963 chevrolet. His brother-in-law sent him \$20 and he's leaving for Oregon tomorrow. Dal has been in the Yakima Valley for three weeks. He has worked for three days.

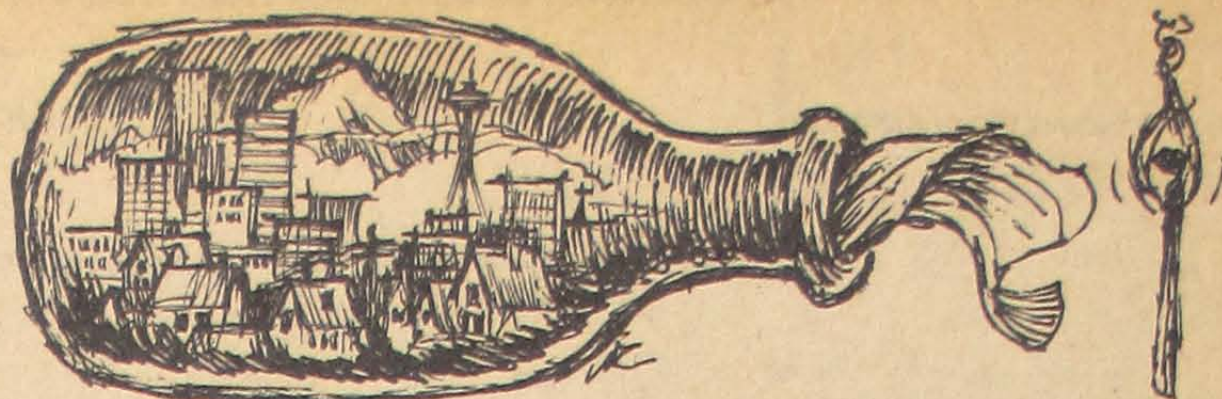
Across the road from his "cabin" the men's lavatory poorly lit and ill-ventilated stands. The toilets overrun onto the concrete floor and the smell of urine permeates the fetid air.

Mrs. Elsie Walters 28, smiles nervously revealing decayed teeth. Here four month old son lies in his crib. Over the crib is a shelf which serves as a cuboard. It is empty except for two cans of baby formula obtained from camp volunteer workers. He has been coughing all night. She doesn't know if he has a temperature, since no thermometer is available. Her three year old daughter was taken to the hospital last night. Mrs. Walters doesn't know what's the matter, since she hasn't heard from the hospital yet.

A small boy appears at the door, uncomfortable with strangers. He beckons to 5 year old Bobby Walters to come outside. The small boy's face is blotched by infectious impetigo.

Flies swarm over a row of uncovered garbage cans. The cans are full, containing mostly newspapers, candy wrappers and bags and boxes carefully torn open to yield the staple foods which they formerly held. Less than a yard beyond the last garbage can, an iron water tap (the camp's water supply) drips steadily onto the concrete apron. Dysentery and diarrhea are common afflictions.

(cont. page 9)



The Central Area and Soul

"YOU WOULD HAVE TO SAY THE CENTRAL AREA IS STRONGER THAN IT WAS... I WOULD HAVE TO BE VERY CANDID WITH YOU REGARDING MY ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE MAYOR OF THIS CITY AND ITS CITY COUNCIL. THEY ONLY RESPOND TO PRESSURE AND POWER. THE MORE POWERFUL WE BECOME THE MORE RESPONSE WE'RE GOING TO GET. AND REALLY I DON'T OBJECT TO THIS. I FEEL WE ARE CAPABLE OF BRINGING PRESSURE, OF FORMULATING THE POWER THAT IS NECESSARY TO GET WHAT THE PEOPLE OF THE CENTRAL AREA NEED."

-MacIntosh-

---Now it is certain that the city will not be permitted to once again forget about the central area. Despite inciting from all sides the "riot" was checked. The principal actions, instead, were the incisive demands of a committee labeled Grass Roots by the press. Composed of 8 or 9 young members of CAPI-Central Area Committee for Peace and Improvement and a few from SNCC it met to answer the request of Gov. Evans that such a group-young and black-make some proposals. Evans had certainly been advised that it was the young black adults that the action would come. And ---"WHAT THE COMMITTEE DID WAS BRING TOGETHER A VOCAL NUCLEUS THAT WAS PRETTY MUCH COMMITTED TO VIOLENCE." (M)

---Les MacIntosh and Robert Redwine were both members of that committee. They were invited to Helix to speak candidly regarding this continuing affair. (Comments by MacIntosh (M) and Redwine (R) are given here in running CAPS.) (R) IT'S NOT A STUPID COP THAT CAUSES RIOTS THAT'S JUST THE SPARK....

(M) I DON'T KNOW HOW WE STOPPED THIS ONE. IT WAS TOUCH & GO FOR QUITE A WHILE REALLY...

(R) A CATALYST WAS NEEDED IF THE REBELLION WAS TO COME OFF. SOMEONE WILLING TO HAVE THEIR BRAINS BLOWN OUT. THE TASK WAS IF YOU WERE GOING TO STOP THE RIOT YOU HAD TO FIND THE 2,3 or 4 OF THEM WHO WANTED TO DO JUST THIS. IN THIS SENSE THE TASK WAS AN EASY ONE.

NOTE: The remainder of (M) (R) & (H) quotes will be initialed.

(H) Can you give us some more specifics.

(M) Well, Yes we could but...a lot of chicanery was going on...in our group...to bring this thing off.

(H) There was some sort of conflict in your committee?

(M) Well not an open conflict. The kind of chicanery that was occurring you had to counter with the same. Some conditions were fostered on the group by members of it to fester the situation.

(H) And yet you really were out to find at the same time that 3 or so individuals who might set the whole thing off?

(M) We had them in our own group.

(R) This was the problem. We had people who wanted to see a riot...who were dead set on seeing a riot on that Saturday night...YA. There were "volunteers" in our own group who would have gone down and gotten their brains blown out and set the whole thing off. But we were against people running amuck...To loot and burn for no constructive reason. No gains.... You're not accomplishing anything...When I say "riot" I mean war.

(H) Something that goes on and on.

(R) Or maybe just one night. Just so you show "the man" what you can do. You don't really need a lot of bloodshed.

---Though at the first meeting "No one believed that he would do anything," Gov. Evans has effectively answered to date a number of the group's proposals. "The Governor said he was going to put up the center. I saw the sight today and they are working on it...really." In addition children of mothers on welfare can now make up to \$50 apiece and not have the amount deducted from their mothers' checks. And "the fact that the Dept. of Public Assistance has an office right there in the central area where they can go and have militant groups looking down their necks...where they can walk out of the office and come over and say listen I just went in there and that guy didn't give me a food voucher and I'm hungry. This will make a big difference....There are 2,600 black women receiving this kind of aid." Next month there will also be minority history taught in some of the Central Area schools. And by next year all Seattle schools will have black history included in their curriculum. "It's just as important that you as white know about negro history as the blacks." ---The Governor was also asked to do something about "This University we have." "We asked for a central area outlet for scholarships and loans. The scholarship Department at the Dean's office has a long history of discrimination against black people when they go up and try to get a scholarship or loan." "We also asked that the Research Department (soc. sciences) do their job in identifying these problems and gathering the statistical information that is needed to facilitate their solution. Now the U. of W. doesn't give a damn about the central area. We want them to be committed to aiding in the solution of

the problem. The OEO gave the UofW \$459,000 to do an impact study on the effects of the poverty program. Now they have amassed a staff of people to go around the central area like chickens with (cont.p 4)



And Haight Street will never be the same.

Being a hippy has now become scary, as well as uncomfortable. The street kids aren't having quite the summer they came for (but they're surviving it and next year's gonna be wierd. Be advised.) The fun is getting serious.

The more paranoid among us have taken to going armed -- knives mainly, a small few guns. Others are simply nervous. The dope market has grown emotionally strained.

The killings subtracted 50 grand, 50 grams and about 325 kilos from our economy, furthermore, precipitating a state of general emergency that still prevails.

The narks, of course, are holding off while the homicide boys do their thing, but these killings will soon become the official and inarguable reason for coming down hard on the hippies from all possible directions, disregarding San Francisco's weekly handful of parroom killings. The flower children are approaching adolescence. But at least we're finally done with the superstitious faith in the holiness of acid that brought our tribe together to the squalor that is Haight Street. The devil can also drop acid. Undercover narks drop acid and do their strange thing. Killers kill on acid. LBJ on acid would be super LBJ. Acid only makes you what you are, and as a business it's almost as dirty as speed. This is no longer a matter of opinion, no longer subject to discussion. We've had our noses rubbed in where it's at.

Now, if we've got a Thing of our own to do, maybe we can get around to doing it.

The Local Scene

jack delay

Arguing about whether or not syndicated crime is moving into the Seattle hip scene is absurd. Its like arguing whether or not the downtown heavy scene is syndicated...like arguing whether a person is a shit or just acts like one.

About three weeks ago one hippy was beaten in broad daylight on campus. When others tried to break it up they were held at bay with knives by friends of the attacker. About a week ago another hippy had his life threatened in public. Several nights later the threatener was picked up 75 yards from the hippy's house with a loaded sawed-off shotgun. Smack is being openly pushed in the district. People are carrying guns.

The Love Scene isn't as pretty as it might be. The community paranoia needs a Mafia, real or not. The criminal element that exists in the district now is a combination of downtown heavy pushers and our own aberrant flower children. The degree of organization, if any, is questionable. The opportunity for organization is frightening.

Organized crime means corruption. Just look at the downtown heavy scene, any arrests are small time pushers, prostitutes, and the like. Why do the major suppliers of heroin not get busted? Three guesses. So as the heavies move into the district a new cycle of overt concern by the police will start. Who will get busted, not the heavies but the smalltime pot and acid dealers. The community will be satisfied that the police are functioning, and their children will be lost.

The Heavy Law

edwin varney

Its hard to count the number of time Helix and other organizations or individuals have warned that making the psychedelics illegal would only generate more problems. Evidence now shows that it is happening. Teaching your children that all drugs are bad has set them up as targets. A lot of them have used pot and acid and know that its bullshit. Because of this a lot of them are going to try the heavies too, especially as the pressures in the district chase away the very people that might help them understand the differences.

Seattle now has two basic alternatives. First to accept the responsibilities for their youth, have decent drug education, and pass legislation to control the distribution of psychedelics. Second to continue complacently sitting on its fat ass shucking the responsibility and pretending that the police can take care of things. Even if the police were not corrupt it is a responsibility they neither want nor can handle.

The time has come for the community at large, for the whole country as well as Seattle, to recognize a new danger which has grown out of the psychedelic scene. This danger is organized crime personified by the black cloak of the Mafia. Already rumors have spread linking the recent deaths of two hippy drug dealers in San Francisco with the Mafia. The bearers of the same rumors also hint darkly of Mafia infiltration in the Seattle drug scene. True or not, these rumors herald the inevitable -- where there is large amounts of money to be made quickly and illegally, as there is in drugs, organized crime is bound to rear its ugly head.

An almost exact parallel can be seen in the history of Prohibition. Liquor, once banned, went underground where young people, in violation of the law, gathered together for illicit parties. Then, as the underground grew, larger quantities of illegal booze were needed, the amount of money changing hands increased, and organized crime moved in.

The main difference between Prohibition and the present narcotics situation is a lack of knowledge concerning the effects of drugs. The social circumstances surrounding the use of drugs differs very little from the use of alcohol during prohibition. And it is the social and economic factors which will provide the foundation for the entry of organized crime.

Ignorance, then, abetted by fear, has provided a prime opportunity for a new source of life for organized crime. Ignorance, abetted by fear, has prompted the passage of totally irresponsible laws concerning the psychedelics. And unless the veil of ignorance surrounding the psychedelic drugs is lifted, the resurgence of organized crime is inevitable. The danger is real. To treat marijuana any differently from that true narcotic, alcohol, is to try to cur the symptom rather than the cause, and to ignore the cure -- legalization of marijuana.

their heads cut of trying to get information. There is not one Black person involved. We would like to know just how many black people there are in the Central Area. Who owns the real property? What is open in the Central Area for Black People?"..."Bottomly told me last week that there had been a 47% increase in Negroes attending the U. in the seven years he had been on the school board. And I said, Hey! That's not very good. If you've gone from none to one, that's one hundred percent."---

(H) We ran a piece last april about Herbert Hill suing unions to get some apprenticeship programs opened up...which never happened of course.

(M) I'd like to talk about Herbert Hill and the fraud that he perpetuated. We had decided to set up a Black Labor Union in this area. Hill came in and destroyed the whole idea of a Black Labor Union. He came in with the old traditional idea of gaining acceptance in the existing unions. In other words, keep knocking on the White Man's Door. Finally we were saying, OK we're not knocking anymore. To hell with it. We'll start our own union. But Herb Hill came in and destroyed that whole thing. Getting Black people into Labor unions that's been dead forever. Herb Hill came here and raised some hopes. It was never intended for him to do anything but to destroy the movement here to get a black union.

(H) You think it was a conscious attempt?

(M) I think it was conscious and deliberate.

(H) Under whose auspices?

(M) As negro labor counsel for the NAACP he was brought here by the Central Area Committee for Civil Rights. It would be remiss of me to accuse that committee of being in cahoots with Herb Hill... Herb Hill took them in. Most of their minds still think in terms of integration...that is...knocking on the White Man's Door.

(H) Yes, but I know what their thinking. The unions have non-discrimination clauses and the federal government has laws to back it up. They think to make them do what they say.

(M) That means case by case, and there you're in trouble. There's simply not enough time or wealth for that much litigation. We picket a Safeway and get a man in...picket the A&P and it goes on and on and on. That's the 150 year plan. I'm not for looking at the labor unions as important or relevant. I look at them the same way I look at the Greek Houses up on Greek Row.

(H) There has been a lot of interesting speculation about the meaning of the difference between the Watts and Detroit "riots". The action in Detroit was racially mixed. It fits well with Carmichael's recent visit to Havana and with his visit now to Hanoi. The identity is greater than the Blacks. It expands to anyone who is suppressed by the political games the establishment plays...The whole breadth of man that is dehumanized by the status quo. Does the potential for the sense of such a greater unity exist in Seattle?

(M) I think the potential is here. But the difference also remains. For instance, if I were to go out here in the street and get in a fight I know for a fact that I would not get the same kind of justice you would if you had done the same thing. I don't think there's a Blackman in the U.S. who doesn't know this for a fact. This has not changed over the years.

(R) They keep fighting in Vietnam so that people can be free. Well they can't push us down and then rub our noses in it too. We've had it up to here. They give that damn stupid war billions of dollars. How much goes to problems at home? The Vietnam war has highlighted the whole thing.

(H) Did you see the special issue of EBONY?

(M) I glanced through it. They have a gal in the middle somewhere. That's something.

(H) There was a section in the back devoted to hippies. They wanted to know - they interview a hippie - why there are not too many black people in the hip scene. He answered, and I want to get your reaction here, that "Well, most blacks try to imitate the white people and those that aren't doing that are trying to be racists. And we don't dig either one of those things."

(M) Well I'll agree with the first statement. The reason there aren't more Black hippies is because they have been looking so long and so hard at the middle class that they actually believe that this is the thing. The basic conflict revolves around this. That their being denied their middle class existence. That they have been struggling for for 300 years.

(H) They can't even get that.

(R) If they got it they probably would say what the hell.

(M) But that most of them are too busy being racist, that depends on how you define racist. It's damn hard for white kids to recognize that Black people control nothin in this country. When they start out to own something it may look like racism but.....

When I look at the UofW Board of Regents and a hundred other boards of whatever and see it all white, I get nauseated because I know what it means. And man you must appreciate that I spend most of my time nauseated.

(H) If the Blacks gained economic independence do you think for a moment that it would be in the form of private business and capitalism?

(R) No. The whole american system is bankrupt...corrupt.

(M) All this talk about Black Power. We try to localize it when it's not a local issue. It exists all over the world. In Vietnam, China, Burma, Africa, everywhere. This system exists because Black people support this system and everytime an American opens his refrigerator a Black baby falls out. I'm not free if South Africans aren't free. It doesn't make sense.

(H) Are the white workmen in Detroit riveting bolts to the chassis of continentals "Black"?

(M) Yes and No. He is in the sense that he is in the same boat. He's not because he doesn't know it.

(H) If he has that Black Consciousness, then would you call him "Black"?

(M) Oh, Yes!

(H) Can you be Black without a soul?

(M) I don't think a negro can be black without a soul. It's soul that has kept black people in slavery for 300 years, and it's going to have to be soul that frees them.

Mr. Rappaport and Mr. Varney are the new poetry editors of Helix. They have in the past edited Poems and Prints and The Center Review. The poetry in this issue is representative of their work.

for kathy

On the poison's
first
real day
she

preferred

absence.

So alone, I walked
into the woods
showing visible
signs. Sacs and scabs,
sweat and ivy itched
themselves all over me.
When it
spread to the lids and lips,
and to my nostrils,
I

preferred

a perfect silence,

born of absence,
and quite
final.

Waiting for Papa

The ferry rocks toward a suburb with
Nice determination. Piano-tutored
Children walk dogs among the
Dahlias, over rocks, across
Paths long and gaping as an
Elephant's trunk. A nice woman,
Once indeterminately beautiful.
Polishes her piano, ferrys the
Straps of her dreams to
The edge of the suburb, waits,
Remembers the dahlias, waits for
Her husband, a rock of a man.

What wonder to awaken
embraced by her
nakedness and mine.
Now winter, born
before we fucked, were,
and slept sanctified,
wraps us in snow and in
the growing glitter of her
midnight.

Henry Rappaport

At night,
As if memory hung
Suspended,
Our dreamed yesterdays
Run down to
Peace,
And then,
In a vision of light,
Open into the hope
Which becomes tomorrow.

Breath
for beth

Without you,
I am, like a match,
A brief flame sprung to short life,
A mortal.
It is that wind which passes,
Between fire and earth,
That time of heat and light,
Consuming us both in its brightness,
That third element, timeless,
Which makes us immortal.

The dreamer
In the house of the Lord,
Awaits that point
Where dreaming self,
The child,
And conscious self,
The man,
Come together and
He awakens to himself,
Knowing the dream,
Like this poem,
Has come to an end.

Edwin Varney

There seem to be greater irregularities about the Hawkins Case than whether or not he should be hung on Sunday. Hawkins was found guilty of murder in the first degree for the killing of a child. Actually not one but two children died by Hawkins' hand. For the death of the second, Hawkins was found not guilty by reason of insanity. The first irregularity detected by the ACLU, is that the coroner's report indicates that both children died about one in the morning. The second irregularity is less substantive but intrinsically involved in the matter of due process...i.e. the ACLU has affidavits from two of the jurors that had they understood the ultimate effects of the verdict -- the death penalty -- they would not have voted as they had.

State judicial remedies to save Hawkins, who is scheduled to hang in Walla Walla on Sept. 17th, were exhausted Tuesday, Aug. 22 when Acting Chief Justice Hunter denied the ACLU's earlier application for a stay to the Washington State Supreme Court. The ACLU has subsequently, on the 28th, filed with the United States Supreme Court an application for a stay to allow submission of a petition for writ of certiorari. This sort of appeal always has the highest priority on the court's docket. The ACLU should be hearing from them soon. The Supreme Court could reverse the decision of the State Supreme Court or declare what was wrong with the proceedings and so order a new trial or the alternative that the defendant be released.

The frightening irony of the whole matter is that had not that literally insane debate regarding the time of his execution been resurrected, Hawkins might now be on death row without the least chance of having his case reviewed.

dump truck babe

There was a day when poets, without exception of any kind, were head to toe and skin to bone fully functional illiterates; they wandered around with an instrument or two and sang songs to people. A poem either died with the poet or was remembered in some vastly changed form by someone who had maybe heard it two or three times, possibly while drunk or fighting off dementia praecox.

A lot of good poetry was no doubt lost this way, but on the other hand there was no bar to adding music to poetry -- you may as well accompany yourself with an instrument as not -- and all poetry must necessarily utilize vocal inflection: it's obviously as impossible to speak with an inflection which does not effect the quality of the words as it is to speak without an accent.

Then someone went and invented writing. Now I doubt that there was anyone who seriously argued that paper communicated poetry more effectively than did a combination of the human voice and an instrument. At least not at the time.

But what writing did do for poetry was to move it. Not into heads, particularly, but through the four dimensions. Through the spatial dimensions; from, say, Egypt to Crete or from the valleys to the mountain tops where poets had taken up living to escape from the expert-in-writing-and-flies who had arisen shortly after the invention of the monograph. And through the temporal dimension: from, say, the hash smoke bedroom of Coleridge to the chalk dust filled classrooms where sherry-head English teachers used to peer at me through hornrims and rap about glittering eyes, stately pleasure domes and scansion.

Christ achieved immortality through being crucified twice: once on the cross and once on paper. Poets though occasionally burned, were mostly crucified on paper only.

When poetry became relegated to paper the thousand nuances with which the human voice bends and shapes words were weeded out, stripping an entire dimension from the vocabulary of the poet.

This is not to say that most of the poetry extant could be improved by the addition of music (though it's an interesting idea); poets, once paper had taken over, accepted the limitations of paper and began writing poetry which was meant to be read, or, at best, recited. But to get an idea of what might have been done with a wider medium (the WORD raises its ugly again) try an experiment: spend an hour or two reading Burns then pick up a record of Ewan McColl singing Burns. As literature, Burns falls somewhere between bad plastic man and good bestsellers; as song "Wha'll mow me now" is beautiful. Burns was at least a peer of Guthrie.

Rhythm, in literature, means meter. (A poet can hope that the reader will pick up on speech rhythms as well, but

To write about the here and now takes a certain amount of concentrated awareness; emotional awareness as well as the physical understanding of my being. I don't feel I can do this now in the purest sense. I will however try to write as purely as I can on what I have felt in the past two weeks and attempt to bring my concentrated focus down from the universe to where I sit here pushing the keys of my mind.

Two weeks ago I received a letter from the draft board informing me to report for the physical examination. It is at this point that the harsh reality began fully attacking my mind and it is also at this point that I began to fast. In this pre-physical week I sat and watched my sanity smash and crumble away, and I too afraid to gather it together.

The physical itself is impossible to relate. The whole army thing is so contrary to my being that it became a deep threat to my whole concept of reality. I was given a 1-Y classification but there is no joy, just a hollow pit overflowing with fear.

Now I sit reflecting on the changes, the great amount of fleeting changes that flip in and out of focus, but for a split second I recognize something beautiful and true, something that seems wholly familiar to the essence of my soul and I reach out for it in the hope of finding peace once again.

DOPE!

CRISIS CLINIC
Attempts to form a clinic for the mass of problems in the drug community are beginning to come to fruition. Significant professional advice and involvement has brought the project near culmination. It is now necessary to involve volunteers for the staffing and organization of the clinic. Persons interested in being involved please call LA 5-8463 before 9 September.

DROP INS

For those who may be avoiding education primarily due to the mass of insignificant memorization inherent in our present system, a partial solution is on the way. For those that are presently students and educators, take note. A memory drug will be on the hip market this fall.

Magnesium Pemoline is being synthesized in quantity at this time. This is the memory drug that got a lot of press about a year ago under the name Cilart. It will not be released on the open market for another year or two when the FDA finishes its regular barrage of tests.

It is interesting to note that so called "primitive cultures" have long held beliefs that seafood was mind food. Now our scientists have come to the same conclusion. One of the trace elements found in active brain tissue is magnesium. Although seafood is high in magnesium content, its assimilation on a cellular level is very slow. Pemoline easily flows from capillary to brain tissue but it is functionally inert. In a compound with magnesium it carries the magnesium along and does its funny thing to your head.

The drug is not a trip drug, you get like a light speed buzz for about six hours (something like Perludin). It was designed to be taken every other week during periods of intense study. We will release actual doses as soon as the finished product arrives. One should be aware of the not so standard way the drug has been used. If it is taken every day for about a month or 6 weeks, a very dramatic increase in memory capacity takes place even when its use is discontinued. "Photographic memory" has been common-



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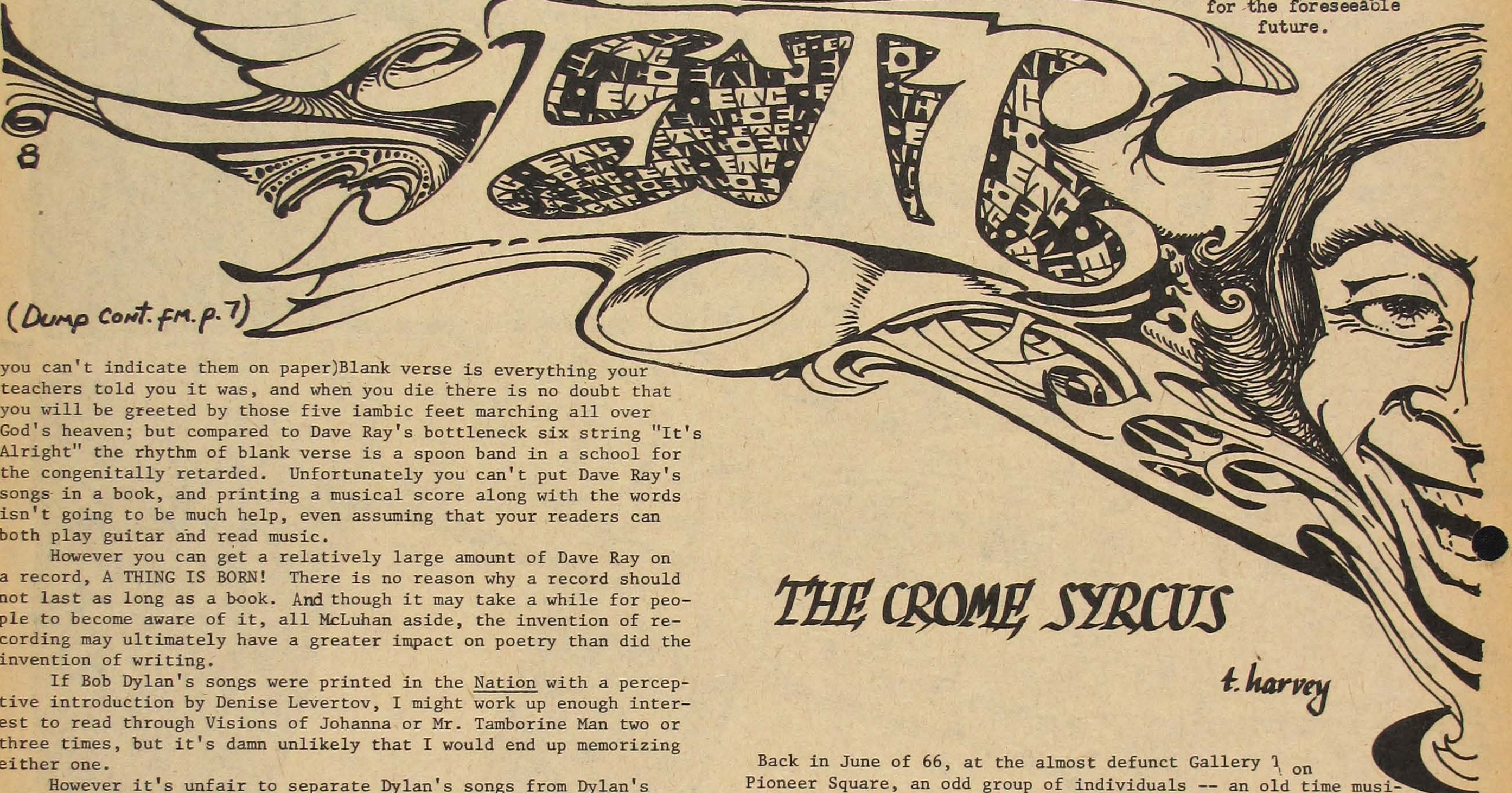
WANT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?

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CJ Fish & Union Light

t. harvey

The UNION LIGHT CO., longtime local visual collageists, and frontal strobodomists, now turned expatriate from the Seattle scene, has been showing the EAST VILLAGE New York isn't the only place it's at or has been. Traveling East with C.J. Fish in a series of concerts & dances in places like the Cafe Au GoGo and the Whitney Museum Union Light was described by the Village Voice as "developed in isolation in Seattle, but their lights are equal to the best in New York ...". Perhaps the stagnation of the Seattle hip pond has allowed the formation of well-integrated creative groups. Rumor has it that the Union is now illuminating the Mothers of Invention at the Cafe Au GoGo and may stay in the East (that fabled Land of Glory) for the foreseeable future.



(Dump Cont. fm p. 7)

you can't indicate them on paper) Blank verse is everything your teachers told you it was, and when you die there is no doubt that you will be greeted by those five iambic feet marching all over God's heaven; but compared to Dave Ray's bottleneck six string "It's Alright" the rhythm of blank verse is a spoon band in a school for the congenitally retarded. Unfortunately you can't put Dave Ray's songs in a book, and printing a musical score along with the words isn't going to be much help, even assuming that your readers can both play guitar and read music.

However you can get a relatively large amount of Dave Ray on a record, A THING IS BORN! There is no reason why a record should not last as long as a book. And though it may take a while for people to become aware of it, all McLuhan aside, the invention of recording may ultimately have a greater impact on poetry than did the invention of writing.

If Bob Dylan's songs were printed in the Nation with a perceptive introduction by Denise Levertov, I might work up enough interest to read through Visions of Johanna or Mr. Tamborine Man two or three times, but it's damn unlikely that I would end up memorizing either one.

However it's unfair to separate Dylan's songs from Dylan's music, or even his voice, just as it's unfair to separate Chagall's forms from Chagall's color. If Dylan had been writing for publication it's likely that he would have done his thing differently -- if at all.

Music not only lends power to words and modifies minor connotations, it can also completely change the meaning of words. The lyrics of "Rainy Day Woman" are pretty much limited to stating a: the places where 'they' will stone you, and b: that "everybody must get stoned." The words alone appear to be simple lyrics for another happy dope song, but the tawdry neon carnival music behind the lyrics tell about the gre-green faces in San Jose bus stations and nervous systems deteriorating from an excess of methamphetamine.

One still occasionally reads book reviews asking where the hippie novelists are hiding out. And maybe, in some dark room somewhere, someone is nursing the Great Pharmaceutical Novel; but if so, it's a freak. The literature -- you can't really get around that word yet -- of the psychedelic implosion is not prose, but electric poetry. So far the number of good songwriter/poets is still small; Dylan, of course, and after him -- some distance after him -- comes Marty Balin and Donovan and whoever it was that wrote Ode to Billy Joe; but the number is growing.

In the same way that rock as a folk music -- modern communication obviously makes a purely "traditional" music impossible, but all across the country people are picking up electric guitars and teaching themselves to play -- song lyrics are a modern folk poetry. "White Rabbit" and "Not So Sweet Martha Lorraine" are popular at least on the west coast, and there are probably more people in the world right now who have memorized the words to "Mr. Tamborine Man" than have memorized poems by William Blake, Wallace Stevens and Charles Bukowski combined.

And take me disappearing
Through the smokinings of my mind
Down the foggy ruins of time
Far past the frozen leaves,
The frightened haunted trees
Out to the windy beach
Far from the twisted reach
Of crazy sorrow,
Yes to dance beneath the diamond sky
With one hand waving free....

But it doesn't seem to feel the same coming out of my type-writer.

THE CROME SYRCUS

t. harvey

Back in June of 66, at the almost defunct Gallery 1 on Pioneer Square, an odd group of individuals -- an old time musician from the Buddy Holly circuit, several ex-music majors from the U of W, a singer from a local teenybop band, and a drummer who had never touched stick to high hat, began working on their own brand of rock music. They called themselves the Crome Syrcus. Slowly, over a period of nine months at the Gallery, the group achieved a unique cohesion, a collective awareness; the music improved, the crowds increased; the old Stone's and Beatle's tunes were replaced by original compositions such as Weather Report. They played at the first Trips (Lansing) Festival and began playing for the OCS at the then controversial light show dances. A big break came this July when the Syrcus was invited to play at the Berkeley Folk Festival. The Syrcus held their own against such groups as C. J. Fish and the Youngbloods by laying down a solid strong driving but unexceptional rock sound. They still had to tell the California audience, "We're from Seattle, so...well, you know where that's at."

Then early in August they were asked to collaborate with the Joffrey Ballet Company in the production of a rock ballet at the Eagles. Working from videotapes, in only four days the Syrcus transposed a score written for a 26 piece modern orchestra into five man rock band idiom. The group's versatility in instrumentation and dynamic rearranging awed the crowd of 1,100, blew the minds of the Establishment media men, press, film and TV, and prompted Joffrey into taking the Syrcus back to New York as a regular complement of his company. The Syrcus is now composing the music for Joffrey's new ballet, "Astarte", the ancient Persian fertility goddess, which will open in New York on September 19. The group's final Seattle appearance at the Underground Rock Festival showed that they have left hard rock, folk rock, acid rock far behind and are now about to create a sound wholly their own. Ted, the organ player-conductor, said, "Working with Joffrey opened up vast new vistas of meaningful experimentation with sound...." They may be back and then again they may not.

(Dope cont. fm p. 7)

place among these experimenters. It is not as easy decision, however, to take it this way. Besides affecting your memory it also starts and irrevocable process of increased RNA production and no one knows what that might lead to. So be aware that you're tinkering with your genetic structure before experimenting.

YEARS AGO! HEAR MORE AT THE LAST EXIT ON BROOKLYN
FRIDAY EVENING: SEPT 9TH LAST EXIT AT 9PM

interview with the anti-hip candidate

E. A. (Eddie) Black means business, he tells you so himself, and part of that business will be giving Hips the business if he captures council spot five in upcoming city elections. "I've been out there with the police and with businessmen," he said, "and it's deplorable. A couple of hundred half-clothed, barefoot, hairy characters laying around on campus and even on the sidewalks frightening businessmen and normal plain people. When school starts there'll be 500, at least."

Black, the only contender to so far dignify the clan by making them part of his campaign, would do battle with the menace by several means, not all of them harassment.

He is giving thought to a "council system, maybe composed of business, church, and education people. Maybe they don't have anyone to talk with."

And he is not thinking of "running them out of town." They should have a place to go, he supposes. But one feels the place he has in mind is far, far from the University District.

In fact, Black would like to institute a police check on campus "so non-students would have to show a good reason for being there."

Furthermore, no large gatherings should be permitted ANYWHERE if business is interfered with. The present city council "backed down to the Hippies," he claims, and strict anti-loitering laws are necessary now. It goes without saying he wants curfews enforced to the limit.

Aside from the aber-

rations of dress and "low morals," Black claims drug offenses are up 600% in the past year, according to an SPD report he was privileged to see. But he doesn't entirely despair:

"We must learn to live with them. They just won't go away."

Concerning himself with the related social problem of the central District Negro, Black said he would not vote for another Open Housing ordinance even if ghettoization was a primary cause for racial friction.

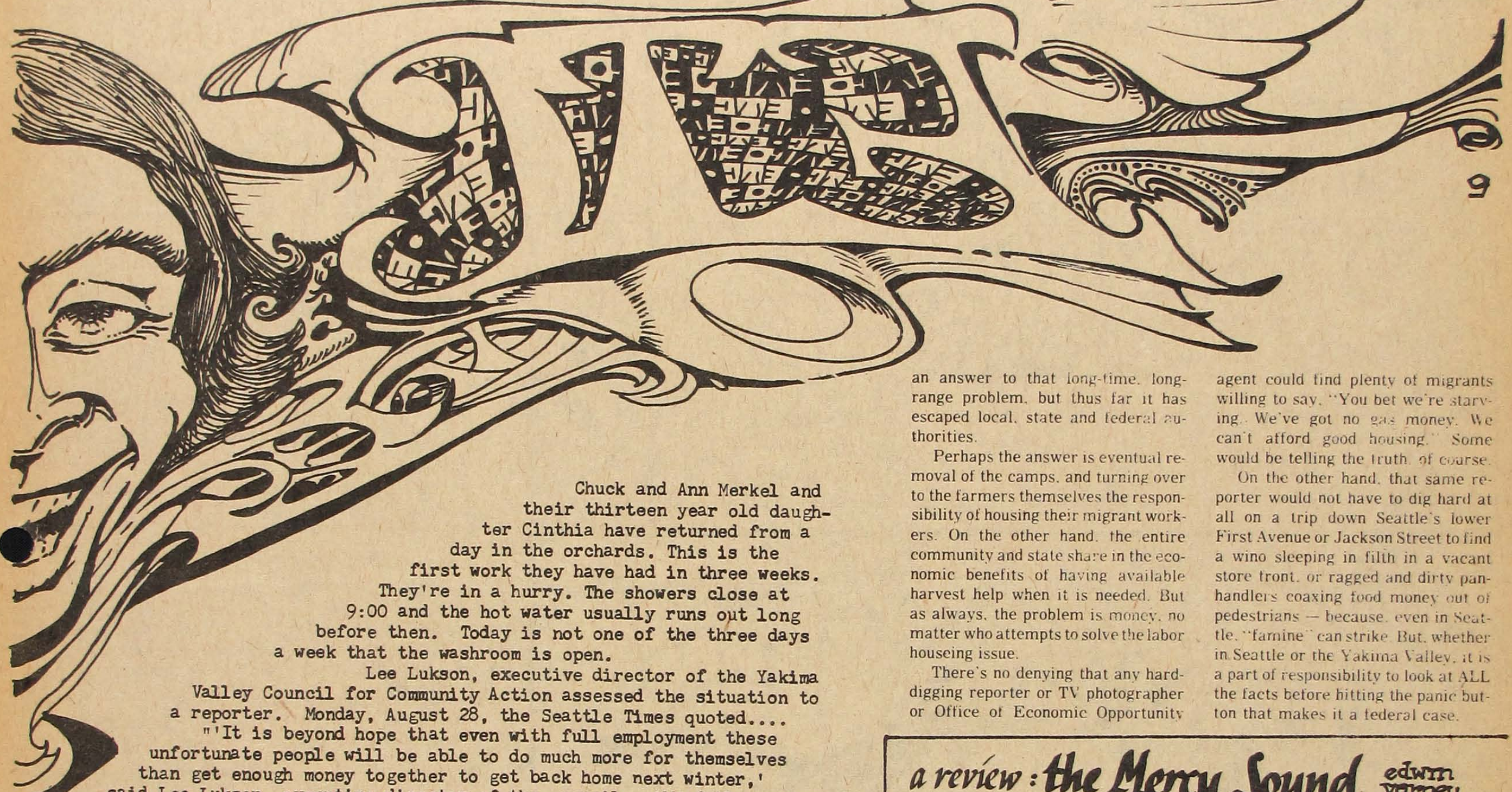
"You can't legislate people's feelings," he has decided.

Instead, further studies and surveys of the situation to determine what he called "the big problems" should begin. As for the young grass-roots groups that shook city and state officials out of their summer-long lethargy, aided by that hot wind from Detroit, Black doesn't believe it's yet possible to determine who is the Negro leadership and thus useless to heed "a few 17-year-olds." (cf. interview p3)

"I was talking to my old boys' advisor from Garfield," he said, "and he agreed."

E.A.(Eddie) Black means business, and don't forget it.

gene johnston



Chuck and Ann Merkel and their thirteen year old daughter Cinthia have returned from a day in the orchards. This is the first work they have had in three weeks. They're in a hurry. The showers close at 9:00 and the hot water usually runs out long before then. Today is not one of the three days a week that the washroom is open.

Lee Lukson, executive director of the Yakima Valley Council for Community Action assessed the situation to a reporter. Monday, August 28, the Seattle Times quoted....

"It is beyond hope that even with full employment these unfortunate people will be able to do much more for themselves than get enough money together to get back home next winter,"

said Lee Lukson, executive director of the council. "We fully expect that hundreds of these people will be trapped in the Yakima Valley for the winter and that a large part of the needs unmet will remain with us until the next harvest season begins," Lukson said. Lukson said employment opportunities have opened up slightly, but there are an estimated 1,700 more migrants in the Yakima Valley than are needed to harvest the crops."

However persistent reports and news releases emanating from Yakima deny the existence of a crises. The Seattle P-I on Aug.30 ran an article, an excerpt of which follows.

"In Yakima, Gov. Dan Evans told the state labor Council convention that the plight of unemployed migrant workers should not be overemphasized. He said too much emphasis on the condition of the migrants might discourage workers from coming to the state next month to harvest one of the largest apple crops in Washington History.

If this is the Governors official position, perhaps I might suggest a speech writer for his impending re-election campaign. An example of this purists work entitled "The Panic Button" accompanies this article. A classic for your scrapbook, to be filed among the unforgettable columns by Max Rafferty and radio scripts by Paul Harvey.

The Panic Button

Nobody in his right mind would say there is no migratory labor unemployment problem in the Yakima Valley. Certainly it is true that crop failures in California and elsewhere have loosed a deluge of unemployed migrants on the Yakima area.

We have no idea what the motive was when some authorities, such as Office of Economic Opportunity aides, hit the panic button, messaged Gov. Dan Evans and Rep. Catherine May, sounding a desperation distress call.

Perhaps it was brought about by their newness to the Valley and unfamiliarity with a problem that strikes this area nearly every year at this time. The only difference is, this year the problem is here in greater degree. Perhaps the distress call was a pre-

lude to a later pitch for more federal funds, but that is anybody's guess.

Despite the admitted existence of a problem, however, we were more than a little amazed when the Seattle P-I sent a reporter and later a photo team into the Valley and came up with a front page yarn headlined: "Famine Stalks Migrants In Yakima Valley." Famine? That's a mighty strong word for people who could afford the cars and gasoline to bring them to this Valley. But it sounds dramatic in a headline.

Before the Seattle interest became evident, Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls and churches started food collections, and the help is still rolling in. Certainly the collected supplies are accepted — as a community's gesture toward people who admittedly do not have everything they'd like to eat, and who admittedly are housed in less than

high class surroundings.

The Yakima Dailies, before and after the Seattle story, sent capable, experienced reporters out. They found no evidence of starvation or famine, and very little evidence of temporary hunger.

The Seattle paper said, "Many have no shelter because none is available." A Yakima Dailies reporter found 50 vacancies at the Ahtanum Farm Labor Camp. Also at that camp, many of the migrants admitted they could have been staying in better quarters. "But we're used to this, and for \$3.50 a week rent, we'll save money for other things."

Most of us would not choose to stay in the farm labor camp if we could afford better surroundings. Much could be done to improve sanitary facilities and comfort. There may be

an answer to that long-time, long-range problem, but thus far it has escaped local, state and federal authorities.

Perhaps the answer is eventual removal of the camps, and turning over to the farmers themselves the responsibility of housing their migrant workers. On the other hand, the entire community and state share in the economic benefits of having available harvest help when it is needed. But as always, the problem is money, no matter who attempts to solve the labor housing issue.

There's no denying that any hard-digging reporter or TV photographer or Office of Economic Opportunity

agent could find plenty of migrants willing to say, "You bet we're starving. We've got no gas money. We can't afford good housing." Some would be telling the truth, of course.

On the other hand, that same reporter would not have to dig hard at all on a trip down Seattle's lower First Avenue or Jackson Street to find a wino sleeping in filth in a vacant store front, or ragged and dirty panhandlers coaxing food money out of pedestrians — because, even in Seattle, "famine" can strike. But, whether in Seattle or the Yakima Valley, it is a part of responsibility to look at ALL the facts before hitting the panic button that makes it a federal case.

a review: the Mercy Sound edwin valney

Among the many books which come into the Helix office for review, The Mersey Sound, a collection of poetry by 3 young British poets deserves attention for what it is not. The tenth of a series called the Penguin Modern Poets, it is billed as "an attempt to introduce contemporary poetry to the general reader by publishing representative work by each of three modern poets in a single volume". In concept, the series is admirable, but in effect, this volume, at least, serves only to misdirect the "general reader". The actual misdirection, to my mind, is not that the poetry is just plain bad, which it is, but it leads the reader to believe that the best modern British poetry is being written by poets. Not so. The best modern poetry is appearing in a different media altogether, it is found as the lyrics of pop music. To compare these with the Beatles or even the Rolling Stones is like comparing wine with water.

All three poets, Adrian Henri, Roger McGough, and Brian Patten still labor under the spell of that all pervasive old master, e.e.cummings. In the whole volume there are only occasional flashes of brilliance, surely the general reader can ask for more than that in a 126 page book. The first poet, Adrian Henri, who somehow cops the most space, has absolutely no redeeming qualities besides perhaps the ability to drop names such as Charlie Parker, William Burroughs, and Charles Mingus creating the impression that he knows them personally. Which maybe he does. Roger McGough, who could be cummings' shadow, seems to have at least recognized that poetry differs in nature from prose but fails to write more than a few lines at a time. Brian Patten, the third poet and the least well represented, is also the best. In "Party Piece", for instance, he exhibits both his strengths and his faults, a sure ear for the turned phrase and image but a failure to stop when he is ahead, when the poem has completed itself. His "Prosepoem Towards a Definition of Itself" is the only sustained work in the book. Poetry, he writes, "should be seen standing on the ledge of a skyscraper, on a bridge with a brick tied around its heart...It is the scar on a beautiful man's face." This book is the brick.

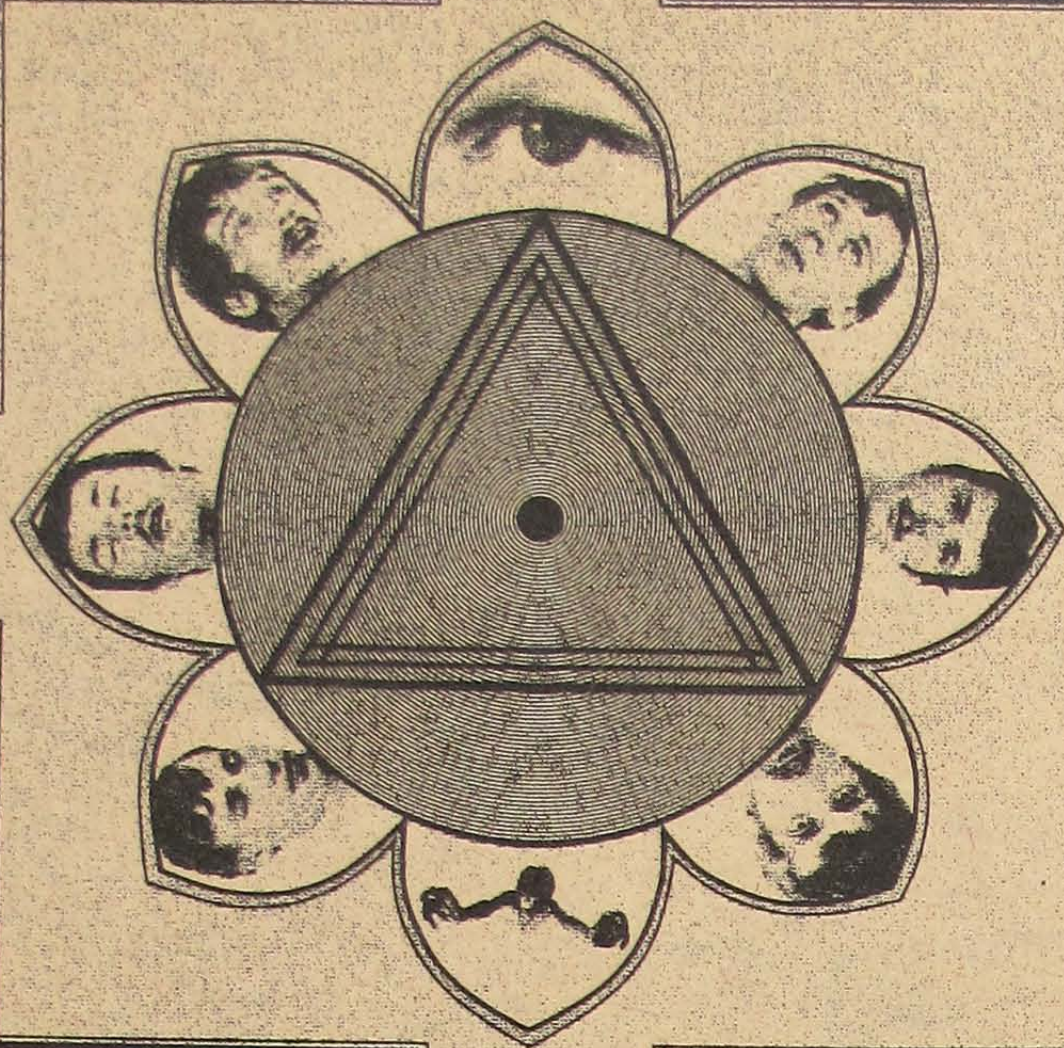
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(cf. page 3)

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